

# GELITECH

SIDE STORIES

- COLONIZATION -

## COLONIZATION

“I’m all for historical reenactment... but... are you... are you kidding me?” Marra heavily panted as she crouched down behind a conveniently placed boulder. “Did you see... did you see what they did? To... to everyone else? Did you see?”

There was nowhere else to hide in the little wooded copse. Nor was there anywhere else to run. Not unless they wanted to head back out into the open. The very thought of doing that sent a shudder down the tigress’ spine.

There had been almost two dozen of them, running for the hills when the bugs had come. Running through the field of half-grown grain, from the brand new village that had been built

solely for the purpose of the so-called reenactment. Running, not because it was part of some carefully planned out act, but out of sheer, genuine terror.

They'd been caught completely unawares, bathing nude together in the little pond above the Shina family farm. It was one of the few things that had existed in the secluded mountain valley prior to its development for the big event. A big event that had always been rather nebulous in nature. By the time everyone who'd signed up to participate had moved in, the whole thing had mostly been forgotten about. Months had passed. Then a year. And then...

The bugs had come without warning. Before anyone in the little group knew it, they were crawling up and over the low, field stone dam. There were six of the beasts. They were eight legged scorpion-like monsters with off-white, grub-like bodies. Four of them were small, with strangely vulvic mouths that spit musty smelling

clear goo at anyone they could get close enough to. This goo gave off a potent odor that had made everyone sexually aroused. Those who'd actually been hit with the stuff seemed to have become so focused on their arousal that they were helpless targets for the monster's stingers.

Eight of the girls had been jabbed before anyone had even had the chance to start running. Whatever the poison was, it had seemed to strip its victims of all inhibitions. Perhaps it even made the bugs seem sexually attractive to them. They certainly acted like it had. Every one of them had quickly knelt down, bent over, and presented themselves for the taking.

And take their victims, the beasts certainly did. The two much larger ones had mouths that concealed long, thick phalli. These dripped with translucent white effluent whose somewhat differently musty odor seemed to impart of sense of wanting to be dominated to victims in close proximity. They quickly buried their oral members

into their victims' presented posteriors with unceremonious immediacy. One deep thrust. One powerful squirt. And then...

No one had bothered to hang around to find out what effect the ministrations of these initial assailants might have upon their victims' bodies. Right behind the grub-scorpions had come the flying monsters. A few had been creatures that looked an awful lot like rowa workers, albeit with wings and a stinger tail in place of legs. Their spit was just as potent as that of the small grub-scorpions, though their aim was much less precise. Their tails too seemed to carry the same sort of poison. In moments, a trail of upturned asses began to form as, one by one, the fleeing group was caught.

As if these horrors hadn't been enough, giant grub-bodied flies descended from the heavens. Unlike the other bugs, these weren't so kind as to give their victim's a pussy-throbbing high before delving into their bodies. Their heads possessed

two pairs of giant mandibles. The smaller of these would clamp around a victim's neck, while the larger would go around her arms, pulling them to her sides as it clamped firmly around her torso, just beneath her breasts. With a single motion, it would lift her a few inches off her feet, while thrusting its long, dripping tail deep into her anus. And then...

Marra had seen enough to know she had no desire to learn more. A cute little leopardess had been snatched right in front of her. It had been hard enough to keep from colliding with her, as the bug had pumped her full of its foul ejaculate. She could see the woman's body beginning to transform. In the mere moments that it had taken for the jaguaress to pass the woman, the fur around her midriff had already started to fall out. The skin beneath was shaping itself into grub-like segments. As to what the poor soul was becoming... that she didn't know. And, to be quite frank, she really didn't want to.

“Seriously?” K’noor replied, rolling her eyes at the confused, horrified tigress. “You voluntarily signed up in order to participate in a fully historically accurate reenactment of traditional rowa hive establishment, including fully agreeing to unlimited consent to all potential consequences thereof. Pray tell, what did you actually expect that meant?”

“Something other than running around trying to avoid getting fucked up the ass by nasty giant bugs,” Marra huffed as she scowled at the bemused, pale blue mitanni. “Did you... did you see what...”

K’noor chuckled. “Of course I did see,” she said as she swished her long, deep purple hair from side to side. “It is all very exciting, is it not? What a privilege it is to be able to witness the rowa hunting in their natural way! Chasing us all down with absolutely no regard whatsoever as to our own feeling on the matter. Nor any regard at all as to what our potential usefulness to them

might be, should we be left to reside in the bodies of our natural birth. Does that not fascinate you?”

“Not really,” Marra replied with a deep frown as her racing heart began to slow.

Again, K’noor chuckled. “Come now. You certainly understood what you were volunteering for. Did you not read the introductory booklet?”

“I... I just kind of skimmed it. I think. There was an awful lot of paperwork and... I thought I was signing up for... like... I don’t know,” Marra replied with a deep huff. “Everyone said it was going to be like Hive Week with a few extra steps. Like... a place where you could come all the time, go outside, pull your pants down, and get turned into a little bug-butt. I didn’t think it was going to be... like... for real! With these... monster... bugs... and...”

The tigress stopped short. She grimaced upward as she watched one of the big, bulbous flies



buzzing overhead. It was flying well above the dense trees and tangled undergrowth. All she could do was silently pray that the vegetation was sufficient to hide the pair from view.

Granted, Marra wasn't too worried about herself. By the standards of nature, she would have been well camouflaged in a modest patch of tall grass. So long as she didn't move quickly, her orange and black stripes blended into just about any sort of natural vegetation. Of course, she was assuming that the rowa were as red-green colorblind as most animals were. Being bugs, their vision had to be shifted up the spectrum into the ultraviolet, so they had to be, didn't they?

The pale blue mitanni, however, stuck out like a sore thumb. A tall, broad hipped, big breasted thumb, with hooves that could be heard a few hundred yards away even when walking in soft grass. The fact that she'd somehow managed to evade the bugs had been a miracle. Then again, the grub-scorpions didn't seem to have eyes. Perhaps

they couldn't see their victims. But if they couldn't see them, then how could they have found and attacked them?

“At least we're safe here,” Marra said softly as the fly vanished from view. Safe, of course, being an entirely relative term. “They won't be able to find us as long as we lay low. Hopefully they'll go away by morning. Then we can try and find a way out of this place. How far is it from here to that mine path? The one that leads up to that old silver mine? It's not far, is it? We can take and then...”

“I do not think they will be going away any time soon,” K'noor interrupted with a smile that seemed far too mischievous for the tigress' liking. “And why in all the magnificent Heavenly Hells would you want to be finding a way out? Do not you want to experience what it might feel like to succumb to the potent rowa toxins? To know what it is like to have one's most tender flesh so completely saturated with rowa genetic material

that it has no choice but to completely remake itself in their image?”

“Uh... no. Not really,” Marra replied with a skeptical glance at the bubbling mitanni.

“Surely you would not have agreed to come here if you did not desire to savor the sensations of being transformed into something so completely unthinkable,” K’noor cooed. “Surely you want to know just what it is like to have your mind reduced to something so... so beautifully monstrous? So devoid of individuality. So barely sapient. So... So... Well, surely, you must be curious!”

“Not enough to let those smelly, slavering monsters fuck me up the ass,” Marra replied with a snort.

K’noor grinned. “I am quite sure that you will most thoroughly enjoy the experience of having a rowa phallus rammed up your tight little tailhole

with wonderfully bestial brutality,” she remarked as another fly buzzed over the trees. “All the fey’li do, do they not? Why else were the rowa so successful in conquering so many colonies if they were not so irresistible to the sexual sensibilities of your people?”

“How should I know?” Marra huffed. A distant sound made her ears twitch. A soft rustling, high up in one of the trees. “Shhh! Quiet!”

“Why?” K’noor inquired with another mischievous grin. “What is the point of trying to hide our tender bodies from them, when they already know that we are hiding somewhere within this stand of trees?”

“What do you mean they already know?” Marra questioned as she looked around for any sign that the rowa might be approaching. “Where are they? I don’t see them.”

“I would certainly not expect to see them, at least for the moment,” K’noor explained. “The lesser forms of rowa which have been tasked to hunt us are not nearly as unintelligent as you may have been lead to believe. Although their minds have been reduced to barest state of genuine sapience, they are all very well equipped for their areas of specialization. Should it so happen that your acquisition as a new member of the hive fits within their abilities... well, you have not the slightest chance of evading them for very long.”

“Suuuuuure,” Marra sighed, rolling her eyes sarcastically.

“Do you genuinely think that they did not observe our entry into this area of vegetation?” K’noor replied. “They know that we are here. And they know that there is far too great a swath of open ground in all directions for us to be able to leave this patch of cover unobserved.”

“That’s making some pretty big assumptions,” Marra noted with another look around. “Especially for the ones that don’t have eyes.”

“They are more than capable of following our unique scents,” K’noor responded with a broad grin. “And in case you have failed to notice, they have their ways of making quite sure that we cannot possibly avoid leaving the most potent of trails for them to follow.”

“What ways?” Marra asked, eyeing the mitanni with growing suspicion. It was obvious that this woman had quite a fetish for the rowa. Not enough of one to let them just have their way with her, apparently. But certainly enough of one to try and get her companion to put on a show for her.

“You are still rather aroused, are you not?” K’noor inquired.

“Kind of,” Marra replied with a shallow shrug. She hadn’t really noticed until the mitanni had

mentioned it. Then again, she'd had an awful lot else on her mind to worry about. "That smell..."

"That smell, indeed," K'noor observed. "All rowa oral mucous has the property of triggering a certain degree of arousal in all sexes, but only among members of sapient species who's bodies are susceptible to being overcome by rowa genetics. Most are familiar with that exuded by the oral cavities of workers and worms. These relatively weak effluents serve to relax potential victims and perhaps help to desensitize them to the otherwise disgusting nature of the species. The hunters, however, have a far more potent discharge. A mere sniff of their sticky spit is enough to arouse even the most chaste. A single drop on the skin and... well, you have certainly seen what that can do, have you not?"

"Yeah," Marra grunted. This mitanni definitely knew far too much about the rowa. Just sitting beside the woman was making her feel more than a little skeeved out.

“But... the true purpose of the hunter’s mucous is not to arouse our tender flesh in order to entice us to volunteer our bodies,” K’noor continued. “Granted, it may have that effect on victims whose particular inclinations or curiosities might have already led them to such an act. The reality of the matter is that the hunter’s mucous arouses our bodies in order to force us to produce our unique blends of pheromone. These both identify us as suitable subjects for inclusion into the hive, and to make it truly trivial for the hunters to track us as we make our futile attempts to avoid the inevitable.”

“Whatever you say,” Marra muttered, looking down to the glistening dampness that had turned the otherwise soft white fluff between her legs into a sticky, clumpy mess. “But I always heard their stinky spit get us wet so it was easier for them to shove their... whatever into us.”



“That is a useful side effect, is it not?” K’noor chuckled.

“If they know we’re here, then why aren’t they coming to get us?” Marra asked. Just the thought that they could track her pheromones was enough to get her heart pumping again. Of all the Fey’li Empire’s many peoples, the fey’li were, by far, the most prodigious producers of sexual pheromones. So much so that they often referred to some extremely difficult task made easy by a convenient shortcut as being like ‘playing horny hide-and-seek’. If the rowa hunting her were even half as good at that game as she was...

“Rowa can be quite cautious creatures when the available time suits them,” K’noor replied. “They will not charge in to attack potential victims who might have the will and the means to defend themselves. They will formulate some stratagem, even if that is to merely wait until we come out of our own accord.”

“And if we don’t?” Marra questioned.

“They may choose to make an attempt at taking us unawares at a particularly vulnerable moment,” K’noor answered. “I imagine that will be the case, as they are sure to understand that no one in this valley has any means to properly defend themselves. But... well, I very much think that neither of us would particularly enjoy what the rowa do to those who prove to be particularly obstinate in refusing to be caught.”

“Pray tell,” Marra said, again rolling her eyes. She was staring to wonder if the mitanni was really a rowa fetishist, or just a horny nerd with a proclivity for getting way too into the nitty-gritty background details of peril-porn.

“That would involve an excruciatingly intimate encounter with a rowa soldier,” K’noor noted. “Naturally armored, four armed brutes strong and virile enough to make even as tough a mitanni woman as I blush at the thought of being picked

up and veritably skewered upon one's massive, juicy masculine member. Of course, I sincerely doubt that such a ride is even remotely worth the terrible price. I cannot even begin to image letting such a creature slide its needle-like secondary mandibles through my ears and into my brain. Having my brain itself physically unwound as I remain fully conscious. Fully conscious until the very last moment when my life itself is finally unraveled? Being fully aware as each thought. Each memory. Each little bit of what I am, being sucked out and absorbed so that the beast can learn the secrets of my ability to resist for so frustratingly long a duration."

"That's... that's..." Marra stammered as she made the mistake of actually trying to imagine what the mitanni was describing. The horrors of the bugs that had chased them seemed almost tame in comparison to being actually killed in such a terrifying fashion.

"Beyond contemplation," K'noor agreed.

“Why do you know all this stuff about the rowa?” Marra asked. She wasn’t quite sure she wanted to hear the answer but, at least for the moment, it was better than the proposal that she was sure the mitanni was about to make.

“It has been my privilege to study the rowa and their habits for quite a many years,” K’noor replied with a smile. “One might rightly say that it has become more than a simple obsession of mine. But... the act of mere study has its limits. Long have I toyed with the idea of having myself transformed into one form of lesser rowa or another. But... I could never quite bring myself to actually offer my body to them.”

“Why?” Marra asked. “Everyone else does.”

“Because each answer led to a new question,” K’noor responded. “There was always something more to learn. Always something new to observe. The potential for discovery never seemed to end.”

“Then what are you doing here?” Marra asked. “If there’s so much more to learn, then why come here? Why put yourself in a position where, according to you, there’s no way to escape getting bug-fucked?”

“Well, if you really do insist on knowing,” K’noor replied with another, even more mischievous smile. “It was I who arranged for this valley to be given over to the rowa as a place where new hive could act in a more natural fashion. All for the benefit of both science and tourism All to begin with a momentous historical reenactment of the natural rowa colonization process.

“So, I arranged for this valley to be given over to the rowa as a place where a new hive could act in a more natural fashion, for... well, science,” K’noor replied with another mischievous smile. “And that would all begin with a historical reenactment of the natural rowa colonization

process. A reenactment that would see several thousand fully consenting individuals experience the horrifying erotic fury of a real rowa invasion. A magnificent encounter with the most primal of rowa behaviors, unleashed without restriction upon the bodies of all involved! My own body quite deliberately included, of course.”

“You’re... nuts,” Marra quipped as she looked up to see not one, but two rowa flies passing by overhead. “But if you really wanted to get your own ass bug-fucked, then why did you hide here with me, anyway?”

“Well, despite all this being my very own idea,” K’noor replied with just a hint of a frown, “my personal presence was not really a matter of my own choosing. The Palace was quite insistent that I agree to partake of my own proposal in order for it to be approved. So, despite my full consent to bug-fucking, I was just as completely unprepared for the sudden shock of the rowa attack as everyone else. But...”

“But what?” Marra sighed, looking up for any sign that the flies were homing in on their location. If vultures could zero in on fresh roadkill only minutes after it had been hit, surely these bugs could zero in on her pheromones given enough time. If their noses were even a fraction as sensitive as the mitanni had suggested they were, it was only a matter of time.

“You absolutely must admit, it was quite a bit of fun, was it not?” K’noor cooed. “Running for your life as alien creatures surrounded you. Adrenaline pumping. Heart racing. Pussy dripping as you watched your friends fall, paralyzed by their own bodies’ desire to consummate union with their unthinkably disgusting assailants, and for no other reason than to achieve erotic release, with not even the most momentary of thought to the consequences. Was that not at least just a small bit fun?”

“I don’t know,” Marra replied with a shrug. The mitanni definitely had a very strange idea of fun. But perhaps she did have a point. A pretty perverse point, but a point nonetheless.

Thousands getting together to willingly reenacting ostensibly violent events with permanently transformative consequences was certainly in vogue. That was what the Biogel Games was all about, wasn’t it? Did anyone ever watch a battle and think the girls weren’t having more fun than a cat girl in a sex shop? Did anyone ever watch a gelfighter getting suddenly tentacled in every hole and think ‘That can’t be fun!’ as they took their time giving her a shiny black pounding before she was dissolved into the hovering orb to which the tentacles belonged?

No. Certainly not. Because, no matter what happened to them, they really were having fun with it all. So much fun that they just didn’t care if things turned from chasing each other around with glorified paint ball guns, trying to turn each other



into sex dolls, into suddenly getting dissolved into a crystal clear blob that they didn't see laying flat on the glossy black floor. They smiled. They laughed. No matter what was happening to their bodies. Because it was fun.

Then again, getting chased down during the Biogel Games by another gelfighter, or getting suddenly snared by an erotically inclined biogel trap, was more than just a little bit different than getting chased down by the rowa and aggressively bug-fucked into bugdom. Or... was it? Was it really all that different, or was it just a matter of perception? Was it just a matter of subjective taste?

Marra certainly had at least a little bit of a taste for the rowa. She liked watching videos of girls getting turned into workers or worms. She even went out jogging during Hive Weeks, just to watch other girls get swarmed by handsy little workers who knew just how to skirt the whole 'nudity equals consent' rule.

They weren't allowed to just go and take people's clothes off. But if they did it playfully enough, their mark would just go along with it until enough was exposed to qualify as naked under the law. It was sneaky. It was underhanded. It was totally reprehensible, considering the inevitable results.

It was a wonder the Hive Week rules hadn't been changed. Then again, no one ever complained. And like they always said, if you were a rube enough to fall for the game and wind up with your pants down around your knees and a robotic bug cock in your mouth, then chances are the results would actually mean an increase in intelligence when all was said and done.

Marra was no rube. But she had once let the workers play their game for a bit. It had been quite a thing feeling those bony little fingers edging under her sport top and shorts. Probing for fasteners. Tugging at zippers. Seeing how far they

could slide the shorts down over her hips until she noticed.

That had certainly gotten her adrenaline pumping, especially when they managed to get the fastener over her tail undone. Her heart had raced as she reached down to yank her shorts back up, even as the hovering robot rob was preparing to stick its robo-dong in her mouth. She'd been saved by just a few millimeters of exposure. One more tug and she'd have had a mouth full of bug juice and a legal obligation to swallow. But she hadn't run off in terror, had she?

No, Marra hadn't run away. She had just pulled her shorts up and playfully scolded the workers for being too quick to pull them down. It had all just been part of the game. Part of the fun. And it wouldn't have been any fun if there wasn't a very real risk of actually getting that mouthful of bug juice, would it?

“The fun,” Marra murmured as her thoughts broke free from silence. “Yeah. I guess the rowa can be... a bit of fun.”

“Wonderful!” K’noor exclaimed with a clap and a broad grin. “Then let us make our way out and see if this new hive might be so generous as to offer us a bit more excitement!”

Marra shook her head. “I... I don’t know.”

It was one thing to imagine what it had been like to *almost* fall prey to the gentile, if sneaky, rowa workers. It was something else entirely to imagine actually falling prey to their subterfuge. And even that was nothing compared to imagining what it would be like to be taken by the far more monstrous sort of rowa who had taken the others. But what was the use in trying to imagine, when agreeing meant doing. And doing meant...

“Do not think with the organ inside your head,” K’noor softly cooed in the jaguaress’ ear. “This

decision is not a matter for which such an intelligent organ is even remotely appropriate. No. This matter demands that you think with the organ between your legs.”

“I don’t think that...” Marra began, but before she could get much out her companion was rubbing a strange, fizzy wetness onto her shoulder. “What... what is that? What are you doing?”

“The mucous of the little scorpions remains fluid for quite some time,” K’noor mused as she continued to rub the goo into the jaguaress’ fur. “After so many years of studying the creatures, I have become quite insensitive to it. Nowadays, even when a rather ample quantity comes into direct contact with my skin, it only serves to make me pleasantly horny. But you...”

For a moment, Marra didn’t feel much of anything. Then it happened. A sudden surge of arousal between her legs, so intense that she felt an almost instantaneous urge to consummate it.

But not with her hands. For some strange reason, she just couldn't imagine even trying to toke herself to orgasm. She had to let someone else do it. Or something. Anything, really.

“Oh... oh... I've... I've gotta... gotta fuck,” Marra sputtered. “Oh... it's so intense...”

“Your responsiveness to the mucous is quite... magnificent,” K'noor giggled as she shifted up onto her knees. “It would be such a shame to waste the opportunity for unimaginable pleasure presented such a gloriously aroused organ, would it not?”

“Ah... oh... dammit... I just...” Marra stammered as the mitanni stood beside her.

“Now come,” K'noor cooed as she pulled the jaguaress up onto her feet. “Let us take our tender, horny bodies and together offer them to the new hive.”

“I... I guess,” Marra relented. She still wasn’t entirely sure that being caught by the rowa was actually inevitable. They could have still waited for dark. They could have made a run for the mountain path. They could have tried, even if it meant getting caught in the end. But...

Even the reluctant jaguaress had to admit that trying to escape and getting violently caught wouldn’t be very much in the way of fun. It would be sudden. It would be quick. It would be over before there was a chance to clear one’s mind and actually *experience* it.

It wasn’t so much that Marra actually wanted to experience what it was actually like to be transformed into some form of utterly vile and disgusting rowa monster. But if she absolutely *had* to, then she wanted it to be more like letting the workers toy with her during Hive Week than what she’d seen happen to her friends. If they offered themselves as willing and horny supplicants...

maybe, just maybe, they'd be as playful as the workers had been.

“Come,” K'noor giggled as she took the jaguaress by the hand and started to pull her toward the far side of the wooded copse. “Let us take a different path.”

“I suppose,” Marra replied, following the mitanni as she quite noisily pushed her way through the thankfully thorn-free underbrush. “But wouldn't it be easier to...”

“That would not be very much fun, would it?” K'noor replied. “I am quite sure it will be far more exciting for both of us if they are obligated to do treat us in the same fashion as they did the others.”

“I don't know... I mean... wouldn't it be more fun if we just let them... oh. Oh. Oh woah,” Marra sputtered. Now that she'd had a few moments to adjust to the sate of things between her legs, her mind had become surprisingly clear. The world



seemed... in focus. Her senses were heightened. Everything seemed so vibrant. So magnificent. So beautiful. “What... what is... everything is...”

“Astonishingly wonderful to the senses?” K’noor responded with a laugh. “The mucous does more than just arouse. It amplifies the senses in a very particular fashion. The whole world everything which comes next becomes quite intense. Sights. Sounds. Smells. Flavors. Touch.”

“But wouldn’t that make getting caught even worse?” Marra questioned as she caught side of the light coming in from the edge of wood.

“I must admit that I do not know,” K’noor answered with a shrug. “I do suppose that one’s opinion of better, or worse, is rather subjective. But let us not worry about such minor details. Let us instead take what comes, and savor every moment no matter how absolutely terrifying, or how astonishingly pleasurable, each of those moments may prove to be.”

Marra didn't have much time to contemplate the mitanni's words before they two of them crashed out from the underbrush. All at once, her well thought out escape plan was dashed to bits upon the hard rock of reality. The picture that she'd formed in her mind's eye was that of a quick run to a nearby mountain path. It was a picture formed from unreliable memory of a single visit, made from a very different direction.

The jaguaress gasped as her eyes were instead confronted with vast open field of well manicured grass. In the distance she could see signs of a road leading up to a long bridge. Beyond the bridge was a farm with seven broad terraced paddies. These leaned upon against the southeast side of a rocky precipice. But the old miner's path wasn't on the southeast side. It began on the north side, which itself was just as far from the farm as the farm was from her.

“We wouldn’t have had a chance,” Marra murmured as the two slowed to a brisk walk. There was no point in running until they had something definite to run from. “There’s no way we could have made it so far.”

K’noor nodded. “That makes acceptance of what is to come so much easier, does it not?”

“Yeah,” Marra replied. “We can’t get away. So... I guess there’s nothing to do but try and make the best of it.”

K’noor looked around. “How very strange,” she remarked with a raised eyebrow. “What possible reason could the rowa have for abandoning us?”

“Maybe they thought we’d been caught when you rubbed that... stuff on my shoulder,” Marra suggested. She was still as horny as horny could be, but it seemed to be fading just a tiny little bit. Either that or she was just getting used to it. It was hard for her to tell. “Or maybe they’ve decided to

just block the exits from the valley and let the stragglers come to them?”

“The rowa may be intelligent, but that is not a strategy that they are known to practice,” K’noor replied. “They go to quite great lengths to avoid offering their victims a concrete objective upon which to rally. Such great lengths, in fact, that it can be used against them in battle. It was how the rowa advance was brought to a halt, after all.”

“Really? How... uh... what’s that?” Marra responded as a faint sound caught her ear. A soft whooshing. She turned around. There was nothing. She looked up. “Oh... flies!!!”

“Run!” K’noor giggled, grabbing at the jaguaress hand. “Run like you want a good and proper ass pounding!”

Marra didn’t really need the prompting. She turned her tail toward the flying monstrosities. She ran. But... she didn’t even try to run anywhere

nearly as fast as she could. What was the point if getting caught was inevitable? And wouldn't it be just a little more fun if she let the mitanni get ahead of her by just a little? Just enough so that she could watch the fly ram its prehensile bug-dick hard into her rowa loving mitanni ass?

Whatever horror the jaguaress might have felt in anticipation of being snatched up by one of the flies was blunted by the fantasy of watching her companion falling victim to the same. She barely even noticed as a sticky wad of mucous splattered onto her back. It had a different odor than the mucous from the little scorpion-like monsters. It smelled more masculine. More like semen. And it's touch caused her level of sexual arousal skyrocket to the point of being nearly disabling.

Only momentum carried Marra forward as the first set of mandibles clamped hard around her neck. The fly's wings began to buzz loudly as its body slammed into her back. She faltered, stumbling forward as the second set of mandibles

took hold of her arms and clamped them to her sides.

“Ah!” Marra gasped as a feeling of total physical helplessness consumed her. She was little more than a rag doll in the fly’s grasp. And a glance toward her companion made it clear that she wasn’t the only one. “Oh... oh... it’s...”

K’noor’s captor had already entrenched its writhing tendril deep into the her anus. She gasped and sputtered as visibly throbbing pulses flowed down through the member and into her helpless body. One. Two. Three. Whitish ejaculate began to bubble from around the entrenched bug penis. Then it began to ooze. And then it began to squirt.

The intense focus imparted by the rowa mucous had left Marra particularly susceptible to changes in her perception of time. Only a couple of short seconds had passed between her looking at K’noor and her squirting bug spoo out of her still deeply penetrated ass. But to the transfixed jaguaress, it

seemed more like twenty, maybe thirty seconds had passed.

Marra began to wonder if her own fly was actually going to jam its manhood into her ass. Or was it going to stick her in a different hole? Or was it saving her for something else entirely? Was she somehow special? Somehow worthy of better treatment?

The normal flow of time came back into focus with brutal abruptness. It felt as if she'd been hit with a hammer right between the butt-cheeks. A poorly aimed hammer than had somehow managed to avoid both her tailbone and perineum. A very large headed hammer that plowed right into her tight little virgin tailhole and filled it so completely that it felt almost like the thing was pushing up behind her bellybutton.

Marra blushed as thoughts of the horrible mess which the sudden penetration should have made somehow managed to poke their way to the

forefront of her mind. She had once read that the rowa were particularly clean, regardless of the physical manner in which they administered their bug juice. Nothing was left to waste, not even their victim's body waste. It would be almost instantly consumed by the penetrating organ's initial lubricating coating of bug juice. This would transform it into a part of the initial mutational spark that would both spread the rowa's genetics into her own living cells and tune it to a specific final result.

The thought that her shit was going to dictate what was about to happen to her body was more than disgusting enough to make Marra gag. Or perhaps it was the feeling of that first real pulse of bug spooge being forced through an opening that nature had never prepared for such a passage. In it popped, and an instant later, she could feel her guts being... changed.

Before she knew it, bug semen was spraying out from around the fly's prehensile penis. The



around her midriff was already starting to fall out. In its place, she began to feel stiff and... leathery. Dull, insensitive swathes that ran around her body were separated by more sensitive, far more flexible seams. Her waist began to shift in ways that her mind could barely comprehend.

Marra tried to look toward K'noor. To see what was happening to the mitanni's body in anticipation of what was going to happen to her own. It was no use. The sensations were so intense that all she could do was loll her head from side to side, panting and gasping for air as more and more of her midsection transformed into grub-like segments.

“Ah... oh... oh... no... no... please... no,” the jaguaress begged as the leathery feeling spread down to her tailbone. Around her hips. Toward that place between her legs. Toward that moment that all rowa victims would experience with great intensity as their genitalia were reduced to smooth, leathery nothing.

“Ah... ah... AH! AH! AAAAAH!” she moaned as the transformation pulled on her vulva. She could feel it inside as well as outside. A vanishing within. A pull. A tug. A final, defiant burst of arousal so strong it felt like it was going to tear her tender flesh asunder. “AAAAAAAAAH!”

For one, fleeting moment, Marra felt a hint of the most incredible orgasm she might ever have had in her life. In a flash, it was replaced by a dullness in her vulva. Then her vulva just... fused together. Vanished into a perfectly smooth flatness between her legs.

No sooner had her womanhood been erased from existence than the fly pulled it squirming tendril out of her ass. Just as it did so, her anus too was washed away by the leathery flow. Her tail was pulled down, its base merging with her butt cheeks. The transformation continued down her legs, but they didn't remain legs for very long.

They began to fuse together, along with her tail, from the top down.

For a few moments, Marra wondered if she was becoming a rowa worm. A vile, pussy-faced, mucous spitting worm that seemed to exist only to disgust people. Then she began to feel pressure coming from points around her ribcage. Even beneath her still fluffy breasts.

“Uh... oh... ah...” the jaguaress gasped as black needle-like appendages pushed out through the leathery segments that were taking shape around the base of her ribcage. Out from the furless sides of her ribcage, just beneath her breasts. And then...

“Oh... no... NO!” she panted as two more black needles pushed out of her breasts, to the sides of her still aroused nipples. There was no pain, only deeply unsettling discomfort. And then another pair slid out from the ribs just atop her

breasts, even as those tender lumps were shedding and shrinking into flat, leathery nothing.

The further the transformation progressed, the faster it seemed to be going. She sputtered and gasped as the eight black needles grew into long, spindly spider-like legs before her eyes. Her arms began to fuse to her sides as the fur began to shed from around her neck. Her legs had come almost completely together. And... if her senses weren't deceiving her, her whole bug-body was shrinking as well!

Marra looked down her front one last time as the fur on her face began to fall out. All she could see was segments. Long black legs that wiggled and flexed in ways she could neither quite comprehend or control. More segments. And more. And more, narrowing down into a long tail. all of it squirmed and flexed now, up and down, side to side, in all directions with almost arbitrary flexibility. And down there. Down there where her toes should have been. Down there was a hard

black lump. And out of that lump had grown a long, terrifyingly sharp stinger.

*I'm turning... into... one of those... scorpion things!* Marra thought as her nose became pleasingly tingly. The sides of her muzzle fused and morphed into vertical folds of tender pink flesh. Her tongue disappeared, and her mouth became a soft tunnel that slowly burrowed its way directly toward the of her head. Her cheeks became solid black chitin. Blunt mandibles formed around her vulvic maw, closing to hide them from view, before opening again to let out a spray of thick mucous.

Marra's hair fell out and her ears were flattened away into the black chitin of her head. Thin, flicking antennae thrust up directly above her eyes. Then her eyes seemed to fall back into her head before being washed away by the chitin that grew to fill the holes where they'd been.

The new rowa scorpion could feel things changing within her head, and within her body. Memories of things she'd seen and read, increasingly vague, suggested that her brain was being physically reconfigured. Her cerebellum was being split in two, and shoved off to the sides in protected pockets. Her visual cortex just ceased to be. It was no longer necessary, after all. So too did most of her frontal lobe. Everything else was shrinking and being moved into other protected pockets. They needed to be protected, given what else was still growing.

The oral-vaginal tube pushed its way all the way to the back of the new scorpion's head. Around it formed large, highly productive mucous glands. Among the mucous glands formed the glands which filled that mucous with potent aphrodisiacs. These would be perfect for disabling prey for the larger, and slower, male giant scorpions.

The new scorpion's first rational thought about its purpose in life proved to be its last rational thought. Memories of what it had been dissolved away, replaced by a selection of instincts and limited knowledge sufficient to permit it to hunt down and disable humanoid victims. In a flash, the new scorpion knew everything about its body. How to move. How stalk. How to attack. How to pass time when no prey was available.

The new scorpion suddenly found itself standing on its own legs. The ground was hard. Rocky, even. There were enticing smells in the air. Smells of... males? And females?

A thought came to the new scorpion. Words in a language that it did not understand at all, and yet understood with absolute perfection. The Queen of the Vale Hive demanded this errant female be taken.

The new scorpion was not alone. There was another. And a male giant scorpion. And several of

the flies. They began to move together toward where the smells seemed strongest. They would find these hiding creatures. And when they did, the hive would grow, and the Queen would be pleased!



THE END